

2 May. 1716.

To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE, Author of the  
Celebrated WORM-POWDER.

By Mr. POPE.

HOW much, Egregious MOORE, are we  
Deceiv'd by Shews, and Forms?  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All Human Race are Worms.

Man, is a very Worm by Birth,  
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,  
A-while he crawls upon the Earth,  
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,  
E'er since our Gran'am's Evil:  
She first convers'd with her own kind,  
That Ancient Worm, the Devil.

But whether Man, or He, God knows,  
Fecundified her Belly,  
With that pure Stuff from whence we rose,  
The Genial Vermicelli.

The Learn'd themselves, we Book-Worms name:  
The Blockhead, is a Slow-Worm;  
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,  
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The

The *Fops* are painted Butter-Flies,  
That flutter for a Day;  
First from a Worm they took their Rise,  
Then in a Worm decay.

The *Flatterer* an Ear-wig grows,  
Some Worms suit all Conditions;  
*Misers* are Muck-Worms, Silk-Worms *Beaus*,  
And Death-Watches *Physicians*.

That *Statesmen* have a Worm is seen,  
By all their winding Play:  
Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! *MOORE*! thy Skill were well Employ'd,  
And greater Gain wou'd rise,  
If thou could'st make the Courtier void  
The Worm that never Dies.

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,  
Who sett'st our Entrails free,  
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,  
Since Worms shall Eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only can'st our Fates adjourn,  
Some few short Years, no more;  
Ev'n *BUTTON*'s Wits to Worms shall turn,  
Who *Maggots* were before.

F I N I S.

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St. *Dunstan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*. Price Two Pence. Where  
may be had, Mr. *POPE's Court Poems*. Price Six Pence. 1716.

N. B. Speedily will be Publish'd, some more of Mr. *POPE's*  
Pieces, and all his Writings for the Future, except *HOMER*, will be  
Printed for E. Curll.